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Current Topics

It is said that insurance policies amounting to nearly a hundred thousand dollars were held on the life of Samuel Spicer, who recently died a pauper in the York County (Pennsylvania) Almshouse. His death is one of the first among those who have been insured as a speculation under the "death-bed insurance" mania that has of late broken out in parts of that State. The end of this system must be like that of the famous women's savings-bank in Boston. The promoters of these enterprises may succeed in collecting enough money on premiums to pay the policies that fall due, while sufficient is in course of accumulation to leave the managers a handsome profit, after paying the expenses of the litigation, to establish that the premium-payers have parted with their money as the fool does.

Vice-President Arthur is not reaching out for the powers of the Presidency. He is far wiser and more patriotic than some of his officious friends.

Military matters are exciting much attention in Italy at the present time. The Italian landwehr was recently called out for service for the first time this year in order to take part in the manœuvres of the regular army. This force consists nominally of 67,000 men. Work is advancing rapidly on the fortifications of Rome, and six new forts are to be built, making the total number of detached forts which form the chain of defence round the capital eighteen. In order to insure the completion of these works before the end of the year, the ordinary force of workmen has been increased by detachments of forty men from each of the prisons of Rome and Naples

The anti-prohibition majority in North Carolina will probably reach 125,000. Only one prohibition county has been heard from, and its majority was only 21. Evidently the people of that State are not yet ready to cast aside the "flowing bowl."

The Detroit Post and Tribune wants the Michigan state troops who go to Yorktown to put their best foot fore most as there will be 30,000 militia present at the celebration. That is what we all want. In the days of the rebellion, when Greek met Greek, Michigan men never remained in the rear.—*Lansing Republican.*

A plague of rats has appeared near Dagneaux, in France. Innumerable swarms, which seem to come from the direction of Lyons, have invaded many communes, doing great damage to the crops. Some farmers have killed from five to six thousand rats in their fields in a single day.

The Louisville Courier-Journal keeps alive its hope that the President will recover by recalling the following experience: "There is a man in a stone's throw of us as we write, who is a pretty live man yet, who lay in his bed eighteen months with a bullet through the body and a shattered leg, and in that time he fell off from 190 to seventy-five pounds. He had pyæmia badly, and gangrene, and chills, and diarrhœa, and erysipelas, and had to be nourished again and again for a week at a time, by enema, because his stomach rejected food, and got so weak that he was unable to indicate that he was conscious, and was worried with morphine, and was cut into a dozen times for pus cavities and abscesses. He had everything that anybody had said the President was threatened with, and had it bad, on account of which and other cases more or less similar we are disposed to trust nature and a good constitution and pluck against all the scientific theories which leave experience out of consideration."

The so-called "Dynamite Council" has sent out to the world a mass of gibberish upon the Irish question, which is written in the first, second and third persons, and would be written in the fourth if there was one, and is as uninteresting and unimportant a document as one so extravagant could well be. The only portion of it which will attract any public attention is that in which the Council hint their intentions of destroying "a few hundred English merchant ships," so as to cause "the shipping merchants and insurance companies of England" to petition Mr. Gladstone for a reconsideration of the Irish question, and express the opinion that "after September 1 it will be well for all peaceable people to avoid patronizing ships that sail under the protection of the English flag." It is also added that "as the work of the future will be necessarily secret, it is deemed well to avoid giving names of officers." This is diabolical, even supposing that these rascals have not the courage to carry out their threats. But if there are any dynamite explosions on board the European steamers, the question will arise whether the men who issued this proclamation, and whom it need not be difficult to trace, will not have got themselves into the noose at last. If A. announces that he intends to kill B., and B. is found dead, which marks of violence upon him, the law will be justified in laboring to see whether there is any connection between the two facts.

The exports of ice from Norway are, very naturally, heavy and important. From 60,100 tons in 1870 they increased to 218,200 tons in 1878, and declined to 138,500 in 1879. Nearly one-half of he quantity shipped goes out in winter. During the first ten months of 1880 147,000 tons were shipped, and the aggregate for the year was 159,000. France took, in 1878, 20,925 tons; Great Britain and Ireland, which is the chief customer, 167,000. The United States last year exported about 51,000 tons of ice.

Increased facilities for the transmission of money through the post are about to be furnished to the British public, if, as *The London Times* understands is probable, Mr. Fawcett should decide to carry out a postal insurance scheme which he has had under consideration for a considerable time. Under this plan the public will be enabled to send money orders between places in the United Kingdom with absolute security against loss, and with practically as little trouble as is now involved in posting a registered letter. The maximum amount insurable has not been settled.

During the week of excessive heat in New York, early in August, there was cool weather in North Carolina, and on one night there was frost.

NINETY-EIGHT.

Ninety-eight! I wait at the gate,
For the porter to let me in;
I've wandered along in the shadow land,
Through danger and care and sin.
I wandered along with the moving throng;
Now, weary and old I wait,—
I wait and pray for the porter to come
And open for me the gate.

Ninety-eight! While here I wait
I turn to the vanished years,
And through them memory wanders again
'Mid pleasures and smiles and tears.
Back through life's morn so quickly gone,
And through the noontide heat,
I follow along, till here I stand
With tired and weary feet.

Ninety-eight! Ah, soon the gate
Will open wide for me,
And I shall pass through to meet the years
In the light of eternity—
The happy years, with cares and tears,
Sunk deep in life's stormy sea;
Oh, I can wait with a calm, sweet trust,
Till the gate is open for me.

Ninety-eight! 'Tis growing late,
The evening shadows fall,
And soon the deeper shades of night
Will settle over all.
Lord, let me rest on thy loving breast,
Oh, keep me close to thee;
Go with me through this night of death,
And open the gate for me.

Yes, open the gate, the beautiful gate,
Which leads from night to day;
Where wrinkles and age and sorrow and care
Are passed forever away;
Where the blessed dawn of an endless morn
Shines round the spirits free,
O Saviour? open the beautiful gate
And bid me enter with thee.

—*Boston Transcript.*

BETSEY'S BONNET.

'Well, Uncle Abel, you are off for home, I suppose; trading all done, eh?' and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair, as he stood talking to a plain country farmer.

'Wa'al, no, not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsey a bunnit; a real nice one; just as good as a Yorker might want. 'Cause Betsey's worked awful hard this spring. Times are good, too. S'pose you don't want to go along with me, do you?'

'Let me see—4 o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though you won't mind that. Come on.'

So they walked up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at home were wont to lie in solemn state in the spare room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blonde mustache and setting of close brown curls—to the bronzed and beardless one, with the well-brushed hat; but the blue eyes were the same in both, and like those that were closed forever, under the sod, where his dead sister was laid when John was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman; in spite of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hands, his heart was true as steel to the good friend of his boyhood.

They reached Madame Rozette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and straightway engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the prettiest face of the girls in attendance. Josie Mollet, radiant with smiles, and, I think, a little artificial bloom, came forward with her bewitching glances to wait upon the farmer who brought so attractive a person with him; and fancying that she would show her superior quality by so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel unmercifully.

'Now, young woman, show me some of your best bonnets—real good ones. None of your poor, old-fashioned things for my wife!'

Having said this, Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly, and should have no more trouble.

Miss Josie sailed about and returned with a white chip gypsy, trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin with a rose on it, and a gray straw trimmed with scarlet peonies.

'Now that will be just what you want, I am sure; only $25, too—so cheap and becoming.

Uncle Abel confessed afterwards that he felt quite confounded at the price, but he did not mean to let that Frenchified girl know it, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh? It ain't a bit like Betsey's old one, though.'

'Oh, no, sir; the fashion has changed entirely. Now the gypsy is the newest thing out, and your wife would set the fashion, I don't doubt.'

She looked at John Dare merrily, but could not interpret the look in his eyes; so taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain.

'Just fresh from Paris. I am sure your wife would like that. Shall I try it on for you?'

'Wa'al, yes, I can tell better how it will look then. Now it looks just like a dish.'

There, it goes this way,' and Josie pitched the little thing over her rosy face, tied the strings in a big bow knot and swept down the length of the room. 'Don't you like it?'

'Wa'al, it's kind o' purty, but it's awful queer; ain't it, John?'

John could only answer that he "knew nothing in the world about woman's bonnets,' and took up his reverie, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite, he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing themselves vastly at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale, quiet girl, with smooth, brown hair, looked up from her work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard her say, 'For shame!' and grow crimson as she spoke.

His own fair face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking at the fabrics incomprehensible to him, his heart only full of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed; for, as he said truly, he knew nothing about all the mysterious and bewildering arrangements of dress.

Still, he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks, thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not see whereabouts on that dear old head any of those gypsies or fanchons would rest. He remembered that long ago, Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her movements, and that this resulted in a hard knob at the back of her head, like a door-handle, which certainly would not harmonize with those capeless headdresses.

Just as his brow was overcast with this thought the pale girl came near Uncle Abel, blushing as she did so, in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain leghorn bonnet, trimmed with violet ribbons.

She wore a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat held a lock of gray hair.

'I think this might suit you, sir, she said. 'If your wife doesn't dress her hair in these fashions these bonnets would not do. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head and neck.'

'Wa'al, now, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things. I want to get a bonnet for Betsey, and I mean to. Now just tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this? Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am; I didn't see. I—I—am sorry!'

The young girl brushed off a tear quickly, as she said:

'I have no mother now; but if you will trust me sir, I think this will suit.'

She had stood hitherto, just out of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Something in the sound of her voice attracted him, and when Uncle Abel called, 'Here John Dare!' he stepped hastily toward them.

The girl thrust the bonnet into Uncle Abel's hands, and would have been out of sight, if her dress had not caught on one of the branching stands.

'Amy!' and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand. 'Amy! Egbert, have I found you at last?'

The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and the words she spoke came low and broken, that only John Dare could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, still holding the hat in his hand, looking open-mouthed, from one to the other.

'I guess you must have knowed this young woman afore?' he said; but John was too busy with questions, and Amy was trembling and flushing as she tried to speak calmly, and so his question remained unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between a new customer and the scene beside her, and between anger and mortification, she looked in no need of help from rouge, as she tossed her head and muttered various uncourtious remarks in regard to "that Amy Egbert and her beau."

Uncle Able held the hat a little while longer, quite patiently, but at length despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed, and then said:

'I'll take this bunnit. Twenty dollars is a good deal. Betsey's worth it, ain't she John?'

John need not have started so, or said 'very,' which wasn't a sensible answer at all; but Uncle Abel laughed a little to himself and said softly, 'Oh, boys will be boys' and he was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the directions twice over.

Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle, and looked as shy as a girl as he said:

'It's all right, Uncle Abel. You've found a bonnet, and I've found an old, old friend.'

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looking a moment without speaking in the yonng man's eyes, said: 'She's a motherless girl, John.'

'Uncle Abel' and John turned angrily away, or would have done so, if the detaining hand had not held him. 'Look here, my boy, I meant no offense. None of my blood turns villains,' he added proudly; 'but you see she's young and purty and forlorn, and may be if you ain't in earnest, I guess it would break her heart. Shake hands with your uncle, my boy; I mean no harm; but I promised 'Liza, when she was on her dying bed, that I would allus try to give you good advice, and the last words a'most that she spoke, says she, 'Abel, watch over my boy.'

'My dear, kind uncle, I thank you—indeed I do—but I could not bear to think that you should misjudge me. I knew Amy long ago, when her parents were both living, and she had all that wealth could give. I loved her then in a quiet way, but I was too poor to tell her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her poverty and pride, the girl hid herself from me resolutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by her accomplishments, but failed, and took this means to do so. Now, if I can win her for my wife, I shall bring Mrs. John Dare to see you some fine day this summer—may I, Uncle Abel?'

'Wa'al, wa'al, if things don't turn out queer!' soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward bound, with a bandbox placed on the seat before him. 'To think how near I come to gettin' one of them gypsies for Betsey. Why, she would have laughed a week about it. And then to think that painted pictur of a girl was making game of me all the while. And then the other one taking the trouble to tell a stupid fellow like me what was the right thing to buy. I guess she would make our John a good wife; and after Betsey and me has passed away, there'll be a nice bit of property coming to John, and that'll help him on.'

How pleased Aunt Betsey was when the old man gave her the new bonnet! How fair and young she looked in the fresh ribbons and soft blonde around her face! And how she laughed at the idea of wearing 'one of them dish-covers on her head.'

Just when the country was in its June glory, John Dare brought his bride to the farm-house where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the old familiar spots. But as long as a straw and ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they will tell the story of the time Uncle Abel bought Aunt Betsey's bonnet.

Condensed Milk.

The *Scientific American* gives the following interesting account of how condensed milk is prepared:

When the milk is brought into the factory it is carefully strained, placed in cans or pails, which are put into a tank of water kept hot by steam coils. When hot it is transferred to larger steam heated open vessels and quickly brought to a boil. This preliminary heating and boiling has for its object the expulsion of the gases of the milk, which would cause it to foam in the vacuum pan and also to add to the keeping quality of the milk by destroying the mould germs. A second straining follows, after which the milk is transferred to a vacuum pan, where, at a temperature below 160° Fah., it boils and is rapidly concentrated to any degree desired. The vacuum pan employed is a close vessel of copper, egg-shaped, about six feet high and four and one-half feet in diameter. It is heated by steam coils within, and by a steam jacket without—inclosing the lower portion. In one side of the dome is a small window through which gas illuminates the interior, while on the opposite side is an eye-glass through which the condition of the contents may be observed. The pan is also provided with a vacuum gauge and test sticks. Much of the milk used in cities is simply concentrated without any addition of sugar. The process of concentration is continued in the vacuum pan until one gallon of the milk has been reduced to a little less than a quart—one volume of condensed milk corresponding to about four and three-tenths volumes of milk. The following table of analyses by Dr. Waller shows the composition of several brands of this condensed milk sold in New York city:

	American.	Eagle.	New York.	Nat.
Fat	16 29	14 36	14 28	13 97
Casein	17 26	15 07	13 96	14 02
Sugar	10 64	11 64	13 90	10 44
Salts	2 77	2 10	2 00	2 33
Water	53 04	56 83	55 86	59 24
	100 00	100 00	100 00	100 00

The average composition of fresh cow's milk is as follows:

Fat	3 799
Casein (and albumen)	4 369
Sugar	4 543
Salts	0 635
Water	86 660

Condensed milk intended to be preserved for any length of time has an addition of pure cane sugar made to it during the boiling, and is usually put up in sealed cans. This sugared or "preserved" milk, when properly prepared, will keep for many years. The following analysis of this "preserved" milk will serve to indicate its composition:

Fat	9 55
Casein (and albumen)	10 26
Milk sugar and cane sugar	53 34
Salts	1 91
Water	25 94

AN ANCIENT MAT.—At a late meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, Mr. B. B. Redding presented, from Captain Mellon, an interesting fragment of a prehistoric mat or garment with a piece of wood attached, found in a deposit of salt, seven feet below the cap rock of the Belding ledge, on Virginia river, six miles above its junction with the Colerado, in Lincoln county, Nevada. Mr. Redding said it was probably very old indeed, and was knit by hand from the inner fiber of some tree. He believed only one similar case had been found in Louisiana, where, like this one, it was directly over a bed of salt; and that was among bones of the mastodon and fossil elephant, thus clearly establishing its great antiquity. He has written to learn if the cap rock was formed by accretion, or if a land slide could possibly have occurred in the vicinity. If it came where found by the ordinary sedimentary process, and not by any cataclysm, it is a most valuable proof of the vast period of time during which man has existed on this continent. It may be thousands of years since this work was woven, and it has only been preserved to come down to our day by the immediate presence of extensive salt beds. This will add to the rapidly accumulating evidence of the great antiquity of man on the American continent. It will be interesting also to know whether the mat is a specimen of weaving, matting, or knitting.

It is difficult for a person to assimilate ideas from a discourse that he cannot stomach.

The teague, or money box, of the Anglo-Saxons was under the care of the wife.

Man is the picture, his clothes the frame. The frame is often worth more than the picture.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIRD.

"It's going to rain, you dear little bird:
Fly into your house; don't stop for a word."

"Yes, I saw a black cloud as I sat on the tree,
But I care not for rain—I have feathers, you see."

"You have feathers, I know, but your little pink feet
Will be numb with the cold when the cruel rains beat."

"Oh no; I shall tuck them up snugly and warm,
Close under my body, all safe from the storm."

"But the branches will rock, and the dark night will come;
Oh, do, little bird, fly away to your home!"

"Never fear, pretty one, as I rock I shall sing,
And how soundly I'll sleep with my head 'neath my wing!"

"Oh, birdie, dear birdie, I'd like much to know
How you're always so happy, blow high or blow low."

"Don't you know we've a Father who cares for me?
And that is the reason I'm happy and free."

—*Young People.*

BRAVEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT.

'So you want me to tell you a story about a brave man, little people?' said Colonel Graylock, as his half-dozen nephews and nieces, tired with their afternoon's play, gathered around his armchair by the fire.

"Well, I've seen plenty of them in my time, but the bravest man I over knew was a young Ensign in our regiment, whom we used to call 'Gentlemen Bob'—and right well he deserved the name, though not as we meant it.

"Soldiering's a very different thing now from what it was in my young days, and men have learned—what it's a pity they didn't learn sooner—that a man may make none the worse officer for being a gentleman and a Christian. Henry Havelock taught us that fairly, but in the rough old times it was a very different thing. Then the harder an English officer drank, and the louder he swore, and the more he bullied his men, and the readier he was to fight a duel or to join in any low frolic, the better his comrades liked him, and I'm afraid we were much the same as the rest.

'So you may fancy what we thought when a man like 'Gentleman Bob' came among us, who was always quiet and sober and orderly, and instead of bawling and rioting like the rest of us, spent all his spare time over dry scientific books that we knew nothing about, and read a chapter of the Bible every morning and evening. How we did laugh at him, and make mock of him, to be sure! But the provoking thing was that he never seemed to mind it one bit, and he was so good natured and so ready to od any one a good turn when he could, that it certainly ought to have made us ashamed of ourselves; but it didn't more's the pity.

'But before long something *did* make us ashamed of ourselves, and this was it. Our Colonel was in a great hurry one day to find out the whereabouts of a village that wasn't marked on his map, and none of us could help him, when, lo and behold! forward stepped 'Gentleman Bob,' with a neat littte map of his own drawing, and there was the very place, just where it should be. The Colonel looked at it, and then at us, and said, grimly, 'It's not often, gentlemen, that the youngest officer of a regiment is the smartest; let this be a lesson to you.'

'You may be sure this reproof made us none the more merciful in talking against poor Bob; and perhaps we might have done something more than talk but for a thing that happened one night at mess. Our junior Captain, a rough, bullying kind of fellow, was going to empty a glass of wine over Bob's head, when the Ensign grasped his wrist, and overturned the wine upon him instead and the wrist was black and blue from that squeeze for many a day after.

'About a month after this, one of our men, who used to have fits of madness now and then, from an old wound in the head, came hurrying along with a big knife in his hand, slashing at every thing within reach. Some cried to shoot him, but Bob said quietly, 'A man's life is worth more than that: let me try.' And in a moment he had seized the fellow's knifehand, and tripped him so cleverly that he was down before we could call out; and then some of the men came up and secured him.

'Of course we could say nothing against Bob's pluck after that; but all this was a trifle to what was coming. A few days later came one of the greatest battles of the war, and we were so hard pressed on the left (where my regiment was) that at last there was nothing for it but to fall back. We formed again under cover of some thickets, but even there we had enough to do to hold our ground, for the enemy had brought up several guns, and were giving it to us pretty hot.

'Suddenly, between two gusts of smoke, one of ou wounded, lying out on the open plain, was seen to wave his hand feebly, as if for help. It was one of our Lieutenants, who had been harder than anyone upon 'Gentleman Bob,' and his chance was a poor one, for it seemed certain death to try and reach him through such a pelt of shot, while if a bullet didn't finish him, the scorching sun was pretty sure to do it.

'All at once a man was seen stepping out from the sheltering thicket, and that man was 'Gentleman Bob.' He never looked to right or left, but went straight to where his persecutor was lying helpless, and tried to raise him. At first the French banged away at him like furry, but when they saw what he was doing, several officers called out, *Ne tirez pas, mes enfants'* ('Don't fire, my boys'), and raised their caps to him in salute. Bob lifted the wounded man gently in his arms, and shielding him with his own body, brought him back into our lines; and such a cheer as went up then I never heard before or since."

'And did that horrid Lieutenant die, uncle?'

'Luckily not,' answered the Colonel, laughing, 'for I'm sorry to say the 'horrid Lieutenant' was no other man than myself.'

'Oh uncle! were you ever as naughty as that' lisped a tiny voice, in tones of amazement.

'But what became of 'Gentleman Bob'?' asked an impatient boy.

'He's now my respected brother-in-law, and your papa,' said the Colonel-exchanging a sly look with a fine-looking man on the other side of the room, who had been listening to the story with a quiet smile. 'And now that you've had your tale, go say good-night, for it's high time for by-by.—*From Harper's Young People.*

Religious Miscellany.

Do not attempt to cover your faults, but try and get rid of them. Every person does wrong at times, and confession is no new thing in this world.

A couple of Free Church Scotch clergymen became absorbed in an argument over infant damnation at a recent Presbyterian synod at Glasgow, and finally clinched and knocked down until separated by their clergycal friends.

After the choir in one of the churches in Ithaca, N. Y., had performed a rather heavy selection, the minister opened the Bible and began reading in Acts xx., "And after the uproar had ceased."—*New York Musical Critic.*

An editor in charge of a religious newspaper during the summer vacation of its regular chief, announces the scientific discovery that elderberries are not so named because they are any older than any other berries. They derived their name from the fact that an elder of a church first discovered their color by sitting down upon a bunch of them at a pic-nic.

One of the oldest churches in London, St. Margaret's, Westminister, which is close to the famous Westminister Abbey, is being restored in accordance with the original design. A stained-glass window over the west door is to be contributed by Americans and dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh. A Caxton memorial committee will erect another window in honor of England's first printer, William Caxton.

A singular sect of Christians has recently arisen, and has become localized at Lake View, one of the northern suburbs of Chicago, and at Valparaiso, Ind. The "Outcomers," as the new sect is called, believe in personal inspiration, in direct communnication with God, in a literal rendering of the Scriptures as applied to mundane affairs, and in the final salvation of all the universe, including also the devil. A party of prominent disciples, led by Mr. Spafford, is about to go to Jerusalem to build up the ruined places, and restore the Jews there on fulfilment of Bible prophecy.

A handbook giving a general account of the Jews, just issued by Dr. R. Andree, estimates their total number throughout the world at about 6,100,000. Only 180,000 of the race are to be found in Asia, 400,000 in Africa, 300,000 in America, and 20,000 in Australia. The great majority of the race, more than 5,000,000, live in Europe. Roumania contains a far larger number of Jews in proportion to its population than any other European country, namely, 7.44 per cent.; while Norway contains only 34 individuals of the race. The local distribution of the Jewish population in different countries is traced out with great pains by Dr. Andree. Thus, in some of the Government districts of Russian Poland the Jewish inhabitants constitute from 13 to 18 per cent. of the population. Although for the whole of Germany the Jewish element is only 1½ per cent. of the population, in the City of Berlin it has increased to nearly 5 per cent.

A German paper has been compiling the statistics of the world's correspondence by post and by telegraph. The latest returns which approached completeness were for the year 1877, in which more than 4,000,000,000 letters were sent, which gives an average of 11,000,000 a day, or 127 a second. Europe contributed 3,036,000,000 letters to this great mass of correspondence; America, about 760,000,000; Asia, 150,000,000; Africa, 25,000,000; and Australia, 50,000,000. Assuming that the population of the globe was between 1,300,000,000 and 1,400,000,000, this would give an average of 3 letters per head for the entire human race. There were in the same year 38,000 telegraph stations, and the number of messages may be set down for the year at between 110,000,000 and 111,000,000, being an average of more than 305,000 messages per day, 12,671 per hour, and nearly 212 per minute.

By a statute of Henry VIII, a person whose wife wore a silk gown was bound to furnish a horse for the use of the government.

Curiosity Shop.—"Oh, what a lovely vase! It's antique, is it not?" "No ma'am, it's modern." "What a pity! It was so pretty."

Wise and Otherwise.

Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time," now, with the aid of a sewing machine, they take one in no time.

The clam has a larger mouth in proportion to its size than a human being; yet a clam never talks about its neighbor.

It is said that thirty persons in a small town in Michigan were poisoned by eating sausages. This comes from leaving brass collars on dogs.

Thar iz advice enuff now laying around to run three just such worlds as this; what we are suffering most for iz sum good examples.—*Josh Billings.*

Oh! young Lockinvar has been out to the West.
(They were cutting the rates and he needed a rest.
There are burrs in his whiskers, hay seed in his hair,
And it all is along of the very cheap fare.
—*New York Graphic.*

Niagara Falls is so brilliantly illuminated by the electric light every evening that after paying the hackman you can easily see whether there is anything left in your pocketbook.

A cynical Benedict says one gets an adequate idea of the desperate straits to which Ruth was reduced in the land of Moab only by remarking that she clave unto her mother-in-law.

A Russian claims to have found a new substitute for rubber. It is strongly suspected that, while traveling in England recently, he "tackled" a ham sandwich at a railway restaurant.

We know a man so cross-eyed that he put his hand into another man's pocket and abstracted therefrom a watch. He wanted to learn the time. The judge told him it would be three years.

Some one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy or butter.

A Young lady who is doing the Alps reports progrsss to her guardian: "I tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. It's absurdly high—everything is high in this country. Please send me some money."

"What is a monarchy?" Bright little boy: "A country governed by a king." "Who would rule if the king died?" "The queen." "And if the queen should die, who would then be ruler?" "The knave," was the reply.

Smith—"I once possessed a splendid dog, which could always distinguish between a vagabond and a respectable person." Jones—"Well, what's become of him?" Smith—"Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me."

"Where are ye livin' now, Moike?" "In Donegal street, number elivin. Come and say me." "Faith, I will. Shall I come in by the airy or be the front dhoor?" "Divil a ha'porth do I care, but as I'm occupyin' the garret, perhaps it would be more convanient for ye to come in be the shky light."

A receipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anything could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.—[Ex. Burns says: It makes some difference if it is a coal-ed stove you sit on. Wood not that be so? We shall kindle at a reply.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

An Austin doctor was called to attend a sick person, but he mistook the door and went to the house adjoining, where a man who had died the day before was laid out, and where there was crape on the door. "That's not the house, Doctor," shouted the party from the next door who had sent for him, "don't you see you have been there already?"—*Austin (Texas) Siftings.*

Johnny came home from school the other day very much excited. "What do you think, pa? Joe Steward, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about a question in grammar." "What position did Joe take?" And that hopeful child said; "His last position was across a chair, with his face down."—*Hartford Times.*

"Speaking of bathing," said Mrs Partington, from behind the steam that arose from her tea as a veil to her blushes when talking upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy fountains and India's coral strand; but for my part I prefer to have the water a little turbid."

A "society lady" writes to a fashionable journal to know "if etiquette allows a lady to remain seated while a gentleman guest departs." It depends on who the guest is, but it is always safe to accompany a St. Louis man to the door to see that he doesn't carry off a $10 ivory-handled silk umbrella instead of the 50 cent cotton one he brought.—*Chicago paper.*

A man who was too poor to indulge in any luxuries other than children, was presented by a loving wife with triplets—three boys—and he sought for some family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was inclined to take one of them, but his good wife rather objected. They were talking it over before their eight-year-old daughter, who said, "why don't you take one of them, Ma? or don't they want to break the set?"

A prudeat and forehanded Scotch woman was one Maggie Dee. One bonnet had served her turn for upward of a dozen years, and some ladies who lived in the neighborhood, in offering to give her a new one, asked her whether she would prefer silk or straw as material.

"Well, my leddies," said old Maggie, after careful deliberation, "since you insist on gi'en me a bonnet I think I'll take a straw one: it may be a mouthfu' to the coo when I'm through wi't."

London has 32,356 persons to the square mile.

The deepest well in the world is 3,200 feet, or more than three-fifths of a mile in depths; and is located at Buda Pesth, Hungary.

On Aug. 1 the Lady Godiva procession was revived (after many years' lapse) at Coventry, England, in the presence of nearly twenty thousand people.

A horse in Vermontville, Eaton county, Mich., being turned loose in a field where some log heaps had been burned, selected a pile of ashes to roll in. Then presently a rain drenched the horse, and the action of the water on the ashes that clung to him made a strong lye which ate the hair, hide and flesh, and it was thought the horse would die.